

The Morning After
Chumbawamba

Artist: Chumbawamba

Title: The Morning After

Tabbed by: Christian Dyhre (christian.dyhre@mailbox.swipnet.se)

{E}Unholy sunday - {F#m}A winter s {B}day (Mine is the kingdom)
{E}Church bells ring a {F#m}million miles aw{B}ay (Forever and ever)
{F#m}Nowhere to go, {B}nothing to do
But {E}stay here warm in {A}bed with you{C}

The {E}morning after {F#m}the night bef{B}ore
{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
{E}Sunday after {A}the night bef{B}ore

Ice on the windows, let s thaw it away (It s a hell of a winter)
So much time to waste, so much to say (Peppered with laughter)
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
But move just a little bit closer to you

The {E}morning after {F#m}the night bef{B}ore
{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
{E}Sunday after {A}the night bef{B}ore

{E}{F#m}{E}{F#m}{E}{F#m}{H}{H}

Plasticine people we could be (Do what you want to)
Squeezing together for now or forever (Forever or never)
Nowhere to go, nothing to do
But roll up into a ball with you

The {E}morning after {F#m}the night bef{B}ore
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{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
{E}Sunday after {A}Saturday (The morning after)
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{F#}Sunday after {B}Saturday (The morning after)
{F#}Sunday after {B}Saturday (The morning after)
{F#}Sunday after {B}the night bef{C#}ore

{F#}Sunday after {B}Saturday (The morning after)
{F#}Sunday after {B}Saturday (The morning after)

{F#}Sunday after {B}the night bef{C#}ore